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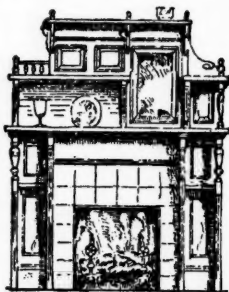
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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE fortunes of the Fisheries Treaty have not been improved during the discussions of the past week. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Chamberlain both have tried to come to its aid by explanations and defenses of its provisions. But Mr. Bayard's own diplomatic correspondence with the British government furnishes the best condemnation of its proposals. Repeatedly he wrote to Mr. Phelps, claiming for American fishermen exactly those commercial rights which the Treaty says that they never possessed. And as for the delimitation of the inshore waters in which our vessels may not take fish, nothing has been gained except to apply to the Gulf of St. Lawrence exactly the rules which England has succeeded in establishing for her own benefit in Europe, and which she next will want to have applied to Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. And even in this case, Mr. Bayard has surrendered our rights, by allowing the line to run from headland to headland across bays thirty miles in width.

Mr. Chamberlain took the safer course, at the dinner given him by the Canadian Club of New York, of holding to generalities. He insisted that the Treaty is a sort of corollary to the ties of kinship and old affection between the two nations. It is always safer to keep such considerations out of business matters. Business is business, and affection belongs to quite another sphere. We may love England a great deal, or perhaps not so much as Mr. Chamberlain could wish; but in either case our regard for her does not give us any right to sacrifice the rights of our own people to the demands of her colonists. Our fishermen are "those of our own household," to whom, according to the Apostle, we owe the first duty.

We looked to our contemporary *The Week* of Toronto, for some candid opinion upon this matter of the Treaty, and we have not been disappointed. Beginning with the usual unjust criticism of the motives of American opponents of the Treaty, it proceeds with some considerations which are both original and worthy of attention:

"Perhaps the most serious objection to the Treaty is that it is quite unlikely to prove what it chiefly purports to be, and what it was especially desirable that it should be,—a full settlement of the dispute. There is weight in the contention of our neighbors that the strict enforcement of the Treaty of 1818, or, if they please, the Canadian interpretation of that Treaty, in denying ordinary commercial privileges to their fishermen, was not in accordance with international comity, or the spirit of the age. That contention, it must be borne in mind, is not confuted by the fact that the refusal of those privileges was the readiest, if not the only means whereby Canada could hope either to guard successfully those inshore fisheries which were indisputably hers by virtue of her geographical location. No wrong can be justified on the ground that it is necessary to the protection of a right. But the great defect and danger of the proposed arrangement is that while the duty of guarding her inshore fisheries still devolves upon Canada, the opportunity and the temptation to trespass are greatly increased for the foreigner. Most of the irritation hitherto felt has been engendered in connection with the seizure of United States craft for trespass. If Canada seriously attempts still to protect her coast fisheries these seizures are likely not only to be repeated but increased in number. And this chief cause of irritation may be made still more active by attempts at smuggling, for which the new conditions seem to afford special facilities. To what extent the danger of fresh misunderstandings may be reduced by the clearer delimitation of bounds and fixing of penalties remains to be proved. An imaginary line in water will scarcely appeal very forcibly to a fisherman's conscience. Of course the removal of duty on fish by Congress, which there may be some reason to hope for, would give a happy issue out of most of these troubles."

This is an excellent refutation of the only argument which can be urged in behalf of the Treaty,—that it would put a stop to our irritating disagreements with Canada. As our contemporary sees,

it would do nothing of the sort. We would find after ratifying it, that we had sacrificed the commercial rights of our fishermen to obtain only fresh ground for greater quarrels. The only solutions of the problem are: (1) that Canadian one, which *The Week* suggests in its last sentence, and of which there is not the remotest probability, except as a corollary of Commercial Union; and (2) the American solution of retaliation by excluding Canadian vessels of all classes from commercial rights in our ports, until they give our fishermen these rights in theirs. It is the refusal of this which is the ground of irritation. Americans care no more about the detention and fining of vessels caught fishing in Canadian waters, than they care about the punishment of smugglers by the Dominion government. It is detention and fines for buying bait, for purchasing supplies, and for not reporting to the nearest custom-house whenever they cross the line of delimitation, which have caused the bitterness.

Of Mr. Mills's Tariff we have spoken elsewhere. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle express themselves as much pleased with it. Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Chamberlain probably would reëcho the sentiment, if it were likely to help its passage. But the majority of the American people do not share in the satisfaction. As the measure was prepared chiefly by Southern members, it might pass with the people of that section. But when it is studied from the Northern standpoint, its seamy side is very visible. To carry Michigan, for instance, is one of Mr. Cleveland's ambitions. Mr. Dickinson is in the cabinet chiefly for that purpose, and the heavy reduction of the Republican majority in a recent by-election to Congress encouraged the hope, until it was discovered that the Democratic candidate had made loud professions as a Protectionist. But, as Mr. Burrows shows, every industry in the State except lake-fishing would be hurt by the proposed bill, and no Democratic candidate could rally even the vote of his own party, if he went to Michigan with such a measure fastened to his neck.

It is announced that the Ways and Means Committee does not intend to spend any time in hearing the objections of our manufacturing interests to the bill they will report. As they know by past experience, nothing has done more to break down their proposals than the public criticisms of practical men, who know the conditions and needs of the industries affected, the rate of wages paid, and the reduction of prices effected under Protection. So, under the plea of want of time, the Committee will hear nothing but its own members, and will oblige the outside opponents of the bill to address themselves to their representatives in Congress. This was the course taken in the case of Mr. Wood's Tariff measure, and it worked well enough. Mr. Wood shut himself up with the bill and would hear nobody. The outcome was the rejection of the measure on a vote to strike out everything after the enacting clause. The American people *will* be heard, upon a motion to sell them out.

It is announced that Mr. Randall will bring forward a revenue measure in the Committee, and probably by the time this reaches our readers his proposals will be before the public. But the Republicans of this House will make a great mistake if they leave the initiative in the matter to Mr. Randall and his small party of followers. They cannot too quickly recognize the fact that his usefulness to the country is limited to obstructing the proposals of his own party, and that he is an eminently unsafe guide to follow. Like his faction generally, his ideas of Protection have been limited by local self-interest, as was shown by the mischievous proposals of the Tariff bill he brought forward last year.

The Republicans should have a revenue measure of their own, whether they lay it before the Committee of Ways and Means or only offer it as a substitute for the Committee's bill when that comes before the House. They must remember that in the coming campaign Mr. Randall will not be with them, and that they will get no credit for falling in behind his leadership. And they must remember that their enemies are waiting to charge them with dealing obstructively with a problem whose solution is most urgent. This they can repel only if they show that they gave their united support to a measure which met the question of the surplus with a fair and adequate solution. And they would do well to prepare their measure in conference with the majority of the Senate, so that it may come before the House as the only bill the Senate will pass. Then, if it be rejected, the Senate will substitute it for the House's bill and send it back.

THE Committee of Ways and Means have completed the Mills revenue bill by adding the portion which relates to the reduction of Internal Revenue taxes. By exempting all tobacco except cigars, cigarettes, and cheroots from taxation, and reducing the license to sell by one-half, they would get rid of about two-thirds of the revenue from tobacco. The revenue from spirits is reduced only by abolishing the license-tax on retailers. This is a thoroughly bad move, and in the interest of the saloons. By requiring retailers to take out a license, illegal establishments are subjected to the penalties of national law if they do not, and of state law if they do. This national license has been an effective means to break up illicit trade in localities where Prohibition or High License is the law. The United States courts have ruled that the Internal Revenue officers must show the lists of those who have paid licenses, and the state courts have accepted these lists as *prima facie* evidence that the state law has been broken. No feature of the Internal Revenue system has been so vexatious to the saloon interest as this, and the proposal to abolish the license is a move in that interest simply.

In the last twelve years no session of Congress has been so barren as the present. The total amount of the legislation which has passed either house during the past three months is disgracefully small, and while the House has been the worst, although it possesses far more power to limit debate, we cannot altogether except the Senate from this censure. The Blair bill, the bill to refund the Direct Tax, the bill to charter the Nicaragua Canal, and the amendment to the Constitution to alter inauguration day to April 30th, make up the sum total of important measures. Of course much of the dilatoriness is due to the fact that the really important problem of the session cannot be originated by the Senate. No bill has come up to it from the House, as in 1883, which it could transform into a law for the amendment of the Tariff. If Mr. Breckinridge had carried his bill to raise the duties on worsted goods through the House, that would have furnished exactly the opportunity the Senate needed. On that slender foundation it could have constructed by amendment a complete revenue measure, which, as in 1883, might have superseded the futile proposals of the Committee of Ways and Means. But as yet the Senate can deal only with the subject in speeches *à propos* of the President's message, and that it has done with much ability.

THE House has provided for one pressing necessity by adopting a resolution which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to expend the surplus in buying up government bonds. In the opinion of eminent authorities the Secretary possesses this power already, but as Mr. Fairchild professes a doubt on this point, it appears necessary to ease his mind by making the law still more explicit. Nothing could be better than this purchase of bonds even at a premium, as the whole cost is much below what the government will have to pay in principal and interest by the legal date for redemption. But as such purchases must be with the consent of the present holders, and as the bonds are a desirable

privilege investment for trust-funds, the extent to which they can be got even at a premium probably is limited. In some conditions of the money-market, they will be more accessible than in others. Nobody will care to sell when the demand for money for other investments is weak.

COMMERCIAL UNION between the United States and Canada has been proposed in the national legislatures of both countries almost simultaneously. Mr. Butterworth anticipated the Canadians by some weeks in the House of Representatives; but Mr. Hitt renewed the proposal in a somewhat more explicit form just about the time when it was moved at Ottawa. In neither Parliament nor Congress is the proposition likely to obtain a majority at present; but if it should do so in either, there will have to be a beginning of negotiations at least. At any rate it is in the line of the necessities, and can be no more than delayed.

THE virulence of the Free Trade attack upon Mr. Sherman is remarkable. The Chicago *Tribune* raves against him, and has even descended to the point of complaining that he does not subscribe enough money to political funds. The Boston *Herald* is almost as bad, and the New York *Times*, at frequent intervals, pours out its vials of wrath on the Ohio senator. There appears to be one easy and sufficient explanation for all this: Mr. Sherman is the most conspicuous representative of the Protectionist policy.

In reference to the situation in Indiana, and to the national situation as affected by Indiana's politics, some further observations are pertinent. The fact that the delegates from that State to Chicago will be unanimously for General Harrison is now no longer denied, and whatever hope may have been entertained that this unity could be prevented, or that its accomplishment would be at the cost of bad blood, has disappeared. As a matter of fact, the reasons why the Indiana men unite upon him, and not upon Judge Gresham, are such as will be comprehended by every man who has an ounce of political sense. In the hard-fought political battles which they have had for years past, General Harrison has been at the front always, and Judge Gresham not at all. The latter has been on the bench, during most of the last decade, and in that time Indiana has been not merely a "doubtful State," but one in which the energy of political controversy was intense,—as it was, also, unavoidable. The Republicans have, therefore, learned to stand together, and have won their successes by doing so. If Judge Gresham had much stronger claims upon the party than he has, he would still be handicapped by his want of satisfactory relation to the politics of his own State.

And since Indiana does not put him forward, and would not willingly take him, such strength as Judge Gresham might have in localities outside that State is of no special importance. The suggestion of a journal in Wisconsin that he be pressed as a national candidate would be all very well, if there was a reason behind it, but there is none. To have a national "boom" it is necessary to show that the candidate has (1) great popularity, (2) remarkable fitness, or (3) special strength in the contested States. Mr. Blaine is an example of the first, and Mr. Sherman of the second, but it cannot be said, since Indiana declines Judge Gresham, that he represents any one of the three.

THE Republican party in New York continues to be in condition favorable to the election of a Democratic President. So far as we can judge from the conduct of the State Senate and the discussions in the party newspapers, the chief end of the party's existence is to prevent Governor Hill from appointing any Quarantine Commissioners for New York city except Mr. Thomas C. Platt and those he approves of. This issue seems to eclipse completely the question of securing an effective High License Law for the State, and thus falling into line with the Republicans of other Northern states in opposition to the new alliance between the Democracy and the saloon. When the Crosby bill for that

purpose came up last week there actually was a vote against fixing a day for its consideration, as five Republican members voted with the Democrats against it. In view of the fiasco achieved in the last State convention, which resulted in a greatly increased vote for the Prohibitionist ticket in New York alone of all the Northern states, one might have supposed that the air of Albany would be so charged with anti-saloon electricity, that nobody in the Republican membership would have fallen out of line. Instead of this, the energy of the party at Albany concentrates in a quarrel over half a dozen petty places, and the factional ill-feeling which ought to be laid aside in the face of the momentous national struggle, is further fed and stimulated. That New York is a factor of the highest importance in the Presidential contest, and that this session of the legislature is the one opportunity they have to put it in good order, especially on the saloon question, are facts which appear too small to be taken into account in comparison with the control of the Board of Quarantine Commissioners.

In satisfactory contrast to this folly is the action of the Republican majority in New Jersey. Mr. Green, the highly respectable governor, having vetoed the High License and Local Option law for highly respectable but quite invalid reasons, the Republican majorities in both branches have passed it over his veto with commendable promptness. As all the governor's arguments had been considered with care in the preparation of the bill, and had been presented by its opponents in the discussion, there was no need for delay. New Jersey was the first Eastern State to respond to the anti-saloon movement in the West, and this bill is the proper outcome of the action taken in the anti-saloon convention of a year ago. There now is no reason for hostility to the Republican party on the part of those who wish Prohibition, but do not yearn for a Prohibition party. They can have Prohibition as fast as they can get any county to vote for it, and where they cannot get that, the State imposes a strict regulation on the liquor traffic.

Philadelphia is interested very directly in the operation of the new law. It would be a positive injury to us if Camden and Gloucester were resorts for cheap whiskey, and Sunday traffic in it, while we are trying to put down both in our own city. Practically these places are Eastern suburbs to our city, and it makes a great difference to us whether they are well or ill ordered. If, now, New Jersey will adopt our marriage license law, and put an end to Camden weddings, we will have no other ground to complain of her for want of neighborliness.

In the municipal elections in Maine, on Monday, the Republican strength was very noticeable. In Portland the Democrats supported General Neal Dow, the Prohibitionist candidate for mayor, but he was beaten by 1,537, the largest majority ever given in a municipal election. In other places, without noticeable exception, the Republicans made large gains. Maine appears to have taken an unfavorable view of Democratic claims.

In Iowa, however, on the same day, the Democrats made rather a good showing in the municipal contests.

THE strike of the locomotive engineers, which originated on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, now seems likely to spread to other roads and to interpose further serious hindrances to commerce. The first ground of the strike was the refusal of engineers to submit to a classification according to efficiency, with a scale of wages to correspond. To the inexpert in such matters nothing would seem fairer than that better men should be paid higher wages, and *vice versa*. But as this carries with it the danger that the railroad, either as a permanent policy or under the pressure of bad times, may prefer the cheap labor of inferior men, the best workmen are generally opposed to any such classification. They prefer the security of permanent work at reasonable wages, to any such "prizes of the profession" as classification seems to offer them, and they are right. Under uniform payment the best men get the work, and the worst are driven to

some employment for which they have more fitness. This is for the good both of the public and of the laboring classes.

It is said that the stimulus of higher wages than the average will secure the best work from the best men, whereas average or equal wages will not lead them to make such exertions. But the really best men in any line of life do their best work because they like it. It is an end in itself to them, not merely a means to higher wages. It is a libel on human nature which the English economists have made current, that a desire to better his condition is the only constant motive which the workman recognizes the force of. The world will go to the devil headlong when it gets clear down to that level.

A VERY interesting man has just been visiting Philadelphia,—to wit Mr. Claus Spreckles, the San Francisco and Sandwich Islands "sugar king." There is nothing very monarchical about him, apparently, and the disposition to give him the royal title must be attributed to the rich and effulgent vocabulary of the Occident. Mr. Spreckles is interesting because he declares his purpose to make sugar outside of the New York "Trust," and to erect a very large new refinery in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or New York in order to effectively carry on his competition with that scandalous combination. More than this, however, he is confident of the feasibility of making sugar from beets in this country, and is about to establish a new manufactory for that purpose in California. His formula is that wherever a "mealy" potato will grow, a good sugar beet will grow, and he believes that it needs only greater care as to the time of planting and maturing, with improvements in some details of culture, to produce beets of good saccharine quality,—much higher than has heretofore been attained, and quite sufficient to insure complete commercial success. It does not need to be said that whoever can accomplish this will confer a tremendous benefit upon the country, and the significance of the declaration by Mr. Spreckles lies in the facts that he is an experienced sugar maker and that he has very large means with which to "back his opinion."

NEW YORK now appears to be gathering some of the harvest from her preference of Colonel Fellows for Mr. Nicholl as District Attorney. The prosecutions that were on foot against certain classes of offenders have all miscarried. The venerable Mr. Sharp has secured a reprieve amounting to an acquittal. The prosecution directed against Messrs. Gould and Sage has been quashed by one Grand Jury, on the ground that it is outlawed by the statute of limitation. And now the trial of those excellent citizens Mr. Maurice B. Flynn and Mr. Rollin M. Squire for a corrupt conspiracy relating to the office of Commissioner of Public Works has resulted in an acquittal, because Mr. Fellows made out so poor a case, while the other side made as much as possible. He practically threw up the case by conceding that the admissions made before the office was secured to Mr. Squire were not enough to convict. It is notable, also, that the trial was delayed by constant postponement until Mr. Fellows was well in the saddle and able to attend to it. It will be remembered that Mr. Nicholl, the rival candidate, was a young Democrat who had earned the public confidence by prosecuting the bribe-taking aldermen, that he had the support of the Republicans and of many Democrats, and that he was defeated by the approval extended by Mr. Cleveland and Mayor Hewitt to Col. Fellows' candidacy.

THE opponents of Home Rule have made a good deal of the supposed solidity of certain classes of Englishmen in opposition. It has been said especially that the two great universities were against it to a man. But Mr. Dillon goes to Cambridge and is winned and dined by the Dons to his heart's content. And at Oxford the great debating club, the Union, asks Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Morley to state both sides of the case to them, just as though it were still an open question with the undergraduates at least. And now no less than seventy-five of the Dons, including nearly all of the lawyers, historians, and political econo-

mists in the University, come forward to put themselves on the record as supporting Ireland's claim to the restoration of her national parliament. It was well-known that Mr. Freeman is ready even to consider a proposition for the absolute separation of the two countries, and thinks that Englishmen will have to come to that if the Irish demand it. Nor are we surprised to find Rev. Wm. Bright, the learned Professor of Church History, very active and forward in support of Home Rule. His "Chapters of Early English Church History" show that he appreciates the great services rendered by Ireland to the civilization of Western Europe in the period between Patrick and Winifred, and that what Christianity the English had they owed mainly to the Irish.

THE sentence of M. Wilson to a heavy fine, two years' imprisonment, and seven years' deprivation of civil rights, for the offense of trafficking in public decorations, does not carry to our mind the conviction of guilt which such a sentence generally would. Just at present M. Grévy and his son-in-law are in disfavor, and the conviction and sentence are thought not unacceptable to President Carnot. Hence both the promptness and the severity of judges who look to the executive for promotion, and who have shown themselves notably pliant under all changes of administration. That M. Wilson has not been a desirable person for a French president to have sharing his official home, was known long ago. But this did not carry with it the grave charge that he had trafficked in crosses of the Legion of Honor, while it did predispose the French people to credit that or any other charge. It is well that M. Wilson has appealed the case. Perhaps those judges who have no promotion to look for will deal with it more impartially.

At the writing of this paragraph, the tragedy of the German imperial family appears to be approaching its climax. The old Emperor is lying *in extremis* at Berlin, and while the condition of his son, at San Remo, is reported more favorable, there is no serious claim that the improvement can be more than a temporary postponement of the inevitable early end. The shock to the Emperor of the certainty that medical skill could not avert the result of the Prince's malady has actually been fatal, and, on the other hand, the news from Berlin cannot but have injurious consequences at San Remo. The Emperor is, of course, a very old man, and the end of his extraordinary career could not be expected to be remote, but the sympathy for the Crown Prince's sad case is very general, and altogether the combination of tragic elements is unexampled in the modern history of princes and potentates.

Aside from this, great questions of state policy depend. What the course of Germany will be, when Prince William, the old Kaiser's grandson, comes to the throne, is a problem of which even the elements are uncertain.

RUSSIA certainly has gained a point if she has brought Turkey to notify Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, that his position is illegal and untenable. There is no doubt that Russian diplomacy at Constantinople has worked hard to secure this, and that the English have been equally busy to prevent it. But in ordinary cases the Porte is so infatuated as to yield more easily to pressure from its hereditary enemy than from the only Great Power which cannot afford to have the Turk or the Afghan made to give place to the Muscovite. Russia is so near and London so far off, that these degenerate Moslems have no higher motive than fear of the material and concrete force on their frontier.

But to have gained a piece or carried a move, is not to have won the game. England is united with regard to Russian pretensions over Bulgaria, and not less so as the desertion of the Turks has removed the last qualms of the Liberals in supporting Lord Salisbury's policy. England, Italy, and Austria-Hungary, not Turkey, are the forces with which the Czar will have to deal, while Germany and M. Carnot keep France, his one possible ally, in check.

THE PROPOSED TARIFF LAW.

THE criticism of the Tariff bill proposed by the Free Trade section of the Committee of Ways and Means, which has gone on for more than a week, does not indicate a very bright prospect of its passage. Not only from the Republican newspapers, but from the Protectionist papers and leaders among the Democrats, there has been the sharpest condemnation of the measure. Nor is this wonderful. It is the weakest proposal for Tariff legislation ever laid before that Committee by a majority of its members. Mr. Morrison's two abortive attempts at Tariff legislation, and even Mr. Fernando Wood's still earlier bill, were much superior, both in their effort to deal with the problem without partiality to sections and their attempt to apply some principle to the problem.

It is said that Mr. Mills professes to admire the Tariff of 1846, with its three horizontal rates of duty and its reduction of all specific to *ad valorem* rates. He hardly could have found a worse model for his imitation, for even the wretched Tariff of 1857 was but a modification of that of 1846. That Tariff all but obliterated our iron industry; it presented a serious check to the production of wool and the manufacture of woollens. Nothing but the gold discoveries and the Crimean war kept it from producing the dire prostration, which in 1857 followed the reduction of its duties by 25 per cent. And its *ad valorem* features were especially objectionable. As Mr. Calhoun foresaw, they exaggerated all the variations of prices so as to oppress the consumer without doing the producer any good. He declared his preference for sliding-scale duties, which would rise as prices fell, and fall as they rose.

But even this bad model Mr. Mills has not had the boldness to follow. He has gone, it is true, in that direction. In spite of the protests of Mr. Manning, sustained by Mr. Cleveland, that specific duties are necessary to the honest collection of the duties imposed on the Tariff, Mr. Mills has changed many specific duties into *ad valorem*. But he has not done so with any consistency, even where parallel cases seemed to demand this. There is a specific duty on sheet iron and an *ad valorem* duty on sheet tin. And wherever it was undesirable to disclose how high was the percentage of a duty for the benefit of an industry in which his party friends are interested, the duty has been left specific. Nobody is to see at a glance that even after Mr. Mills's reductions, imported rice pays 100 per cent. and imported sugar 80 per cent. If they did, they might be tempted to contrast this with the 15, 20, 25, and 30 per cent. duties assigned imported manufactures.

In searching for the leading motive,—we cannot call it a principle,—which has controlled the preparation of this Tariff bill, we find it in the desire to secure the vote of the Solid South for the measure. It is the New South that the Free Traders fear. Cannot this New South be brought to acquiesce by the exemption of its especial products from heavy reductions? So iron ore is kept off the Free List, while wood, lumber, salt and various raw materials of manufacture are transferred to that list. So the reduction of the duty on pig-iron is to be only from \$6.75 to \$6.00 a ton, while the duty on steel rails goes down from \$18 to \$11 a ton. So those great products of Southern agriculture, peanuts and sumac, are to enjoy heavy protection, and oranges alone, of all fruit, are not to go on the Free List. So the cotton-ties for baling Southern cotton are to go to the Free List, while the hoop-iron to make them is left under a duty. And so also foreign sugar is to pay 80 per cent. and foreign rice 100 per cent. while "necessaries" competing with those produced in the North, are to come in under a low duty or none at all.

Certainly if the New South bases its support of Protection not on national principle but on local interests, Mr. Mills has given it every reason to be satisfied,—unless it has enough foresight to think of what will come next. The friends and champions of this new Tariff proposal do not treat it as any finality. They describe it much as they did Mr. Morrison's: "the first firm step toward Free Trade." They have been driven to recognize the fact that the Protectionists are too strong to be attacked along

the whole line. The policy is to divide their forces, and to destroy each section in detail. To-day it is wool and salt that are to suffer. Next time it is hoped to get the votes of the wool-growers and the salt-workers to deal with pig-iron and sumac. It is the firm faith of the Free Traders that nothing but the narrowest views of local self-interest animate the whole Protectionist force, and that they are short-sighted enough to be brought up in detail by such devices as a sectional tariff. The South prides itself on always having taken a broad and statesmanlike view of political questions. Mr. Mills has put it on its trial as to the justice of this claim.

Next to the South, Canada would seem to be the constituency especially favored by Mr. Mills. In this respect he is in entire harmony with his patrons at the other end of the Avenue. His Free List overflows with favors to the Canadian farmer. Just at present there is a strong agitation in Canada in favor of Commercial Union. The peoples of the isolated groups of provinces which compose the Dominion are coming to see that it would be worth their while to open their markets to our manufactures, if we could thereby be induced to open our markets to their farm-produce. But here arises the excellent Mr. Mills. "Don't trouble yourselves about buying manufactures of us," he cries, "here is all you want as a free gift, and without any Commercial Union. Here at your doors is the magnificent market for food-products in the Eastern and Middle States, which our persistence in Protection for twenty-seven years has created. Heretofore our Tariff has kept this market, in so far as it is not supplied locally, for the farmers of the West. It is worth ten times as much to them as is the whole European market for food. But you shall come in and enjoy it for nothing." So down go potatoes, beans, peas, tomatoes, and all other vegetables on the Free List, together with plums, currants, and every kind of fruit,—except oranges,—and also lumber, flax, and tow. On all these we are to abolish duties ranging from 10 to 30 per cent., while Canada retains on them duties ranging from 10 to 15 per cent. We are not so ungracious as even to ask reciprocity. And together with these a large number of coarse manufactures produced in Canada,—bricks, cements, and soap, for example,—are relieved of duty, while the duties on others are reduced below the Canadian level. If Sir John Macdonald did not beam with joy when he read Mr. Mills's schedules, he either is very ungrateful, or he is too shrewd to consider America insane enough to pass such a bill. With this Tariff in effect, all his troubles about Commercial Union and Reciprocity would be at an end. He would have nearly all that he wants in Reciprocity without granting a single reciprocal concession. The ground would be cut from under the feet of his opponents.

Mr. Mills professes to regard his bill as one to reduce revenue, and so diminish the surplus. So far as it transfers to the Free List articles which now pay revenue, the bill would effect a reduction, perhaps to the extent of over twenty million dollars. But the reduction of duties on articles not transferred to the Free List would have exactly the opposite effect. As all our recent experience has shown, reductions of duty stimulate importations and thus increase the revenue. We are deriving more revenue from woolen goods than before the unfortunate reductions of 1883. And so it will be in the case of every reduction on other articles which are competing with home products. The American market for manufactured goods is the best in the world, and when access to it is made easy, the extent to which the world's production flows in will always exceed previous estimates.

THE TROPHIES OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE thanks of the enemies of Home Rule in Ireland are due to "the powers that be" in the United States. Doubtless they will be cordially rendered. Mr. Chamberlain, whose desertion of the Liberal party was at once the most flagrant and the most unreasonable, came to this country to acquire, if possible, a new strength, by winning credit as a diplomatist. If he had been sent

to Mr. Cleveland, with this message from Lord Salisbury, the object of the trip hither would not have been a particle more plain. And to this purpose Mr. Bayard, as the President's first officer, has responded. If he had been in full accord with it, how could he have done more? Mr. Chamberlain returns to England with the repute of having secured from the Americans important concessions. He is everywhere described in the English newspapers as having added new proofs to old ones of his great abilities in public affairs. He came to deal with a difficult and complicated problem: he returns with a treaty which concedes a large part of the American case. If Mr. Bayard had written to Lord Salisbury, "My Lord, I return Mr. Chamberlain with such trophies of success over us that he cannot fail to be regarded among you as a great man," he could not have illustrated more plainly the extent to which he has served the Tory party in England.

This, certainly, is a secondary feature of the Fisheries negotiations. But it is one of those which call for notice. The failure of the Administration in diplomatic force is complemented by its failure in diplomatic sensibility. It is no purpose of the American people, at this moment, to render service to Lord Salisbury's government. Nine-tenths of them are sympathizers with the movement for Home Rule. They believe the demand reasonable and just. They believe that the concession of it is withheld in the interest of oppressive laws and usages, and of class and race bigotry. Every ounce of help from their country to the present opponents of Mr. Gladstone and the Irish Home Rulers is an ounce given in despite of the American people.

We do not say that Mr. Bayard gave this help with a well defined consciousness that he was doing so. Probably, he had no such idea. But he has given it all the same, and the Administration in which he is chief Secretary is blamable to that degree. The humiliation to Americans of having an inglorious treaty framed is increased by the knowledge that out of the same weakness, incapacity, and want of national vigor which give away our Fisheries case, comes also this contribution to the strength of the Salisburys and the Balfours in England. The same element of administrative failure served to put upon the country both shames.

PROFESSOR HEILPRIN'S EXPLORATIONS IN FLORIDA.¹

IT may seem to many persons who are in the habit of locating the unknown portions of the United States definitely west of the Mississippi, that "exploration" is rather a strong term to apply to a voyage of scientific research in Florida. But the fact is that our knowledge of about one-half of the State rests on a basis as reliable and hardly more so than our knowledge of Atlantis. There are, indeed, maps of the region we allude to, but they principally tend to prove that man is an imaginative creature, and abhors a vacuum. Explorers are known to have visited the interior of the lower part of the peninsula considerably over a century ago, and one, a Captain Bernard Romans, quoted by Prof. Heilprin, wrote a book detailing his observations in that region, which he published in 1776. But his sources of information seem to have been largely Indian tales and legends. His account of Lake Okeechobee is interspersed with truth enough to identify the body of water he alludes to with the actually existing lake, but contains little helpful information. Up to a very recent date, the case has remained much the same. Lake Okeechobee, the everglades, and the rivers flowing out of the lake formed a fairyland which geographers were licensed to shape as they chose. And in fact it is misleading to speak as if this were only true of a past age of darkness. The best maps at the present time are known to be utterly untrustworthy as to the main characteristics of the lake and its surroundings. Nor is this condition of things likely to be much changed as long as the country is uninhabited. The channel cut through the swamps which feed the Caloosahatchie, which has for the first time made Lake Okeechobee accessible from the sea, was the work of a land improvement company, and it seems likely that the advance of actual settlers into them is the only way in which these regions are likely to become accurately known.

The expedition, whose narrative we have before us, was sent out under the auspices of the Wagner Free Institute of Science of this city, and consisted of Prof. Angelo Heilprin, Mr. Joseph Wil-

¹ EXPLORATIONS ON THE WEST COAST OF FLORIDA AND IN THE OKEECHOBEE WILDERNESS. By Angelo Heilprin. Published by the Wagner Free Institute of Science, Philadelphia. 1887.

cox, and Mr. Charles H. Brock, together with the crew of the schooner which was the home of the party for the time being. Mr. Willcox had previously spent several winters in Florida, and the knowledge of the State thus gained led him to believe that an accurate scientific investigation of it would result in valuable addition to our geological and zoological knowledge. On opening his views to the directors of the Institute they cordially united with his plans, and with their help and the cooperation of the Academy of Natural Sciences, the necessary arrangements were made, and the expedition started in the early spring of 1886.

The ground chosen for the work of exploration covered the middle portion of the west coast of Florida, from Cedar Keys on the north, situated a little north of latitude 29° , to the Caloosahatchie on the south, in about latitude $26\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. The rivers and smaller streams emptying into the Gulf were ascended for a distance when the prospect seemed good for interesting discoveries, the shoal waters were dragged for specimens, interesting facts about the topography, geology, and climate of the country were noted, and in a general way, the advance of science was pushed with all the celerity compatible with rigorous exactness. We hope, and believe also, that the chances of having a good time were not sinfully neglected, but on that point the log-book is discreetly silent. On arriving at the mouth of the Caloosahatchie, the coast was finally abandoned, and the remainder of the time devoted to ascending that stream to its headwaters in the Okeechobee wilderness, and to exploring there.

This thoroughfare to the inland wilderness of Florida has only recently been made available by the excavation of a canal through the swamps surrounding Lake Okeechobee at the expense of the Florida Land Improvement Company. The Caloosahatchie was before navigable to Fort Thompson, a distance of some fifty miles from its mouth in a straight line, though much more by water, and at this point its channel, tortuous and difficult to follow throughout its length, vanishes in a vast marsh. The canal runs from immediately above Fort Thompson some seventeen miles, nearly direct, to Lake Hikpochee, lying only four miles to the west of Lake Okeechobee, and another canal connects these two bodies of water. The depth of water in the canals is from four to six feet; a depth entirely adequate to float the light schooner of Prof. Heilprin and his companions, but which will seriously limit the use of the canal as a commercial water-way, for which it was primarily designed. It is probable, however, that more efficient means of communicating with the outside world will be provided if the emigration to this region which it is hoped to induce actually sets in.

It is an interesting commentary on our present knowledge of Florida to find that Lake Hikpochee, which Prof. Heilprin describes as being about seven miles wide between the mouths of the canal, and of such length that its southern end was invisible, and its northern end only barely in sight during the passage across, is commonly ignored on many of the most pretentious and some very recent maps of Florida. The one on which we are attempting to locate the course of this voyage, bearing date 1883, shows no sign of it, and Prof. Heilprin quotes a report from a narrative of Florida exploration written in 1875, which very explicitly denies its existence. The six days of examination which Prof. Heilprin's party was able to give to Lake Okeechobee brought out a corresponding number of errors in the best obtainable charts of that region. The party had no appliances for accurate surveying with them, and hence Prof. Heilprin gives no positive figures of his own as to the dimensions of the lake, but he estimates that the length is only about thirty miles, as against from forty to fifty according to the best extant maps, and the number of errors he discovered in the position of the islands and of the streams emptying into the lake certainly entitles the whole district to a re-survey by the government.

The fauna of the region, as seen by the party, has some peculiarities which are worthy of notice. One of these is the scarcity of the ordinary four-footed inhabitants of most sparsely settled and heavily wooded countries. Prof. Heilprin says that from beginning to end of the journey he saw no wild terrestrial mammal larger than a raccoon. The captain of the schooner, however, on one occasion saw some deer, and tracks of wild-cats and other animals were frequently seen by others of the party. The nightly concerts which made the forests ring also contained the evidences of several varieties of larger beasts, but the predominating forms of life were feathered. The blue heron, the great owl, the limpkin or screamer, parakeets, and others were numerous, and their musical exertions were helped out by the bellowing of alligators and the rattle of frogs. The flamingo and spoon-bill were not seen by the party, but they are believed to breed on the borders of the lake at certain seasons of the year. The reptilian forms were of course as numerous as necessary. Alligators were ubiquitous, though the commercial value of their skins is beginning to diminish their numbers, but the serpents hardly came up to the highly-

colored description of their activity handed down by Bartram. The mosquitoes, also, we should not fail to mention. They did not often seriously trouble the party, but on one particular date gave an earnest of what they could do in season by a night attack, which no doubt awakened reminiscences of the Jersey coast.

To the geology and paleontology of the peninsula, Prof. Heilprin gave throughout a very large part of his time and interest, and the result has been in each case a noteworthy addition to our stock of knowledge on the subject. It is a strong expression to say that the conditions of geological knowledge concerning the State had theretofore been even behind that of geographical knowledge, yet such appears to be the case. Prof. Heilprin says that even its broader geological aspects had not been determined. There was a geological theory current about it which had been so widely spread as to be popularly accepted as undoubted fact. This was the coral-reef theory propounded by Prof. Agassiz. In the winter of 1850-51 Agassiz spent some six weeks examining the coral formations of the Florida reefs at the request of Prof. A. D. Bache, of the Coast Survey, and in a Coast Survey vessel. As a result of his examination of the reefs he came to the conclusion that the whole or most of the peninsula was a succession of concentric coral reefs, separated by deep channels, the everglades being the filled up channels. This theory, it will be remembered, was formulated without any knowledge worth mentioning of the mainland, but it has been held as well-founded, if not as proved fact, ever since. Prof. Heilprin shows the theory to be entirely wrong. "The Florida coral tract," he finds, "is limited to a border region of the south and south-east." Fossil corals occur occasionally elsewhere, but their appearance indicates only sporadic cases of coral growth. He states, as his general conclusion, that "there is not a particle of evidence sustaining the coral theory of the growth of the peninsula; on the contrary, all the facts point conclusively against such theory, and indicate that the progressive growth of the peninsula, at least as far as Lake Okeechobee, has been brought about through successive accessions of organic and inorganic material in the usual methods of sedimentation an upheaval." Further south than Lake Okeechobee he did not carry his researches, but he thinks the evidence very strong that the geological structure of the State south of the lake is in most respects identical with that examined by him.

For a detailed statement of the scientific results of the expedition we must refer readers to the volume itself. The work is magnificently illustrated by numerous plates of the specimens of Florida fossils which Prof. Heilprin obtained, exhibiting some of the finest photo-engraved work we have ever seen. They are by the Levytype Company, of this city.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

OF nominal winter, February is the beginning of the end. Our Delaware Indians called the month *Tsqalli gischuch*, the Frog Moon, and expected to hear the clammy batrachians croaking before its close. This they were pretty sure to do, as their name of the month implies; and here, by the way, we have evidence that the winters of two centuries ago were not so widely different from those of our own time. Certainly of late years it is the rule that the diminutive hylodes, the smallest of our frogs, will alternately peep and rattle "once in February, thrice in March, and all day long in April." I have this from a nonogenarian who claims to know, and it accords, after a fashion, with my own field notes, but I do not, like my informant, insist that it is a "rule," for batrachians of every kind, like the higher animals, are loath to obey any other law than that of their own sweet will. Hence the absurdity of making *ex cathedra* statements concerning them. Utter confusion awaits those who anticipate finding our animals creatures devoid of individuality. Surely I do not err when I say that a certain toad that lived in my yard recognized me as its friend, during the last twelve years of its life. Examined as dead specimens, individuals of a given species cannot perhaps be positively distinguished; but studied in their proper belongings, year after year, and the reverse is largely true. Even in so low a form of life as the frog, there may, I now think, be detected some trace of individuality, though formerly I had grave doubts upon this point.

Strangely, I think, frogs have never received that consideration from our poets that is their due. Is it because their "music" is not popular with the masses? Yet where in all nature is there a more suggestive sound than the earliest singing of these clammy creatures? They are universally said to croak, as though the eleven species of frog and frog-like batrachians that are found in this neighborhood had but one and the same utterance. Think of it! Toad, spade-foot, hyla, the little peeper and the true frogs all condemned to do nothing but dolorously croak. As a matter of fact, we have among them a wide range of sound, from the deep bass of the bull-frog to the piercing treble of Pickering's hyla. We hear it

commonly said of the raven that it croaks, but not one of our batrachians has so doleful, despondent, and gloomy a voice as has that strange bird. Certainly not one of them utters any sound that remotely resembles the weird raven's cry. Then too, there is the advantage among frogs of thousands singing in concert, and the harshness of each individual's voice is softened so that the volume of sound that sweeps over the meadows has a veritable grandeur. We do not stop to detect the defects of any single song, but acknowledge the success of their united efforts in rejoicing at the victory gentle Spring has gained.

But February, '88, has proved an exceptional month. The frogs did not sing. There were days and days of warm sunshine, tempering winds, and all the torpor-dispelling agencies in full force, yet they failed to respond. I found them sunning themselves by many a spring hole, and squatted with noses above water in the marshy meadows, but not one uttered a word of satisfaction. I lingered for hours about the upland sink-holes, hoping to hear the rattling hylodes, but not one rattled or peeped. Although the ice had disappeared, and the water was fairly warm, they remained as silent as when frost-bound in January. Yet they were not inactive. The long continued cold had not chilled them until helpless or stupid. They hopped vigorously from me when I tried to catch them. There was to me no apparent reason why they should not have been as noisy as during several days of February, '87, when the fields resounded with their cries. What past experience gave me every reason to expect, failed me here, and the explanation, I take it, it were vain to seek.

Here is something for those to consider who hold that animal life is essentially machine-like, and repeats each year the acts of the preceding season. And so it is, the wide world over. Animals have abundant power over their own movements, and are influenced by agencies we as yet know nothing of.

Let us turn now to other features of the month, for unsuggestive as it may seem to many, the month has many features quite its own. Among these is the return of wandering rather than strictly migratory birds, as the robin; and the appearance of strict migrants that for months have been wintering farther south, particularly the foxie and white-throated sparrows. Not that we have had none of them during our colder weather, but now their numbers are often largely increased, and invariably so during March and April. But there is a feature of February dearer than all these.

Often the night gives promise of a balmy day, and I retire in hopes of greeting the welcome traces of a spring-like morning; but however early I may be abroad, the birds are sure to be astray before me. While darkness still lingers on the wooded hill, I reach the meadows only to find them all mist and music. The wakeful tits call from the towering pines, the sparrows twitter from the dripping shrubs. Through the thick air wing the cawing crows, and restless red-birds whistle through the gloom.

And while I stand listening, there comes, borne upon the soft south wind, a faint tinkling note that thrills me more than all other sounds. It cannot be mistaken for any other, and I know that the red-wings are on the way. Whatever the time of year, there are joyful experiences in store for every rambler, but few that are more entrancing than to greet the crimson-shouldered blackbirds when they come in full force to the long deserted meadows. It is true there have been straggling birds both seen and heard all through the winter, but now, through their numbers we have sweet assurance that the season's severity is well nigh over.

It matters not that seldom, if ever, do these large flocks come to stay. Enough to know that their sharp eyes have detected some sign of spring. The fierce north winds send them hurrying back, all too soon, but from now until April, as the wind varies, they drift to and fro. Just where they linger, when the Frost king rages, I do not know, but it cannot be afar off. It is but a few hours after the south wind comes again, that they reappear, and make "the meadows all bespattered with melody."

The weather, as we have seen, has much to do with both the frogs and blackbirds, and indeed with nearly all of active life in February; but the bleakness of January does not hold everywhere, however arctic the world may appear to the careless observer. Brushing aside the dead leaves upon the hillside, that dainty flower, the pale pink spring-beauty proved to be in bloom. For long its hopeful buds had been waiting for yet a little warmer sunshine, and now, sheltered by the crisp oak leaves from every chilling blast, while yet the ice arched the meadow brooks and snow-drifts lingered in the upland fields, they stealthily opened to the cheerful outlook, as though listening, as I was doing then, to the songs of many birds.

What then does it matter that the frogs failed us for once? The birds and blossoms did not, and before the February moon had waxed and waned, we had promise that the reign of winter was well nigh over—that the beginning of the end was here.

Trenton, New Jersey.

CHAS. C. ABBOTT.

MR. HAMERTON'S "SAONE."

TO wander over sea and land, and then to tell the story of one's wanderings is an instinct of human nature as old as the days of Ulysses. In this age of perpetual motion it is hard to find anything very new or startling for a generation that has camped almost under the shadow of the North Pole, and has gone round the world on a bicycle. However, Mr. Hamerton tells us that his delightful voyage down the whole length of the navigable Saône, has never before, to the best of his knowledge, been made by an Englishman or an American. But even without this recommendation, many people who do not possess that modern, magical carpet, a long purse, will gladly avail themselves of his hospitable offer of a seat in his boat, and will follow him on his journey.

The three great river systems of France, with the connecting net-work of canals, furnish a complete water-way between the North Sea and the Mediterranean, the Channel, and the Atlantic; so that any one possessing a good stock of perseverance, patience, and indifference to small discomforts and inconveniences, can journey by water through the most picturesque parts of France. Mr. Hamerton is an expert boatman and an experienced book-maker, and he tells us at each step, not only what he did, but how he did it, so that his experience may be at the practical service of any one who may wish to follow in his footsteps.

The Saône is the most navigable of French rivers, on account of its slow current, and has been made available for boat travel by means of skillful engineering work, from Corre, about fifty miles from its source in the Vosges, to Lyons, where it joins the swift innavigable Rhone. Mr. Hamerton's voyage was divided into two parts; the first, from Corre to Châlon, was made, in company with Mr. Pennell and a French officer, in a heavy canal boat, or *berichon*, which Mr. Hamerton fitted with tents and sleeping arrangements and made very habitable. The crew consisted of two men, a donkey, and a boy, and the mode of progress was to tow the boat along the river and through the numerous canals that shorten the curves of the Saône for inland navigation. This portion of the voyage was not marred by that vice of most modern traveling—rapidity—for the best speed that the good little donkey Zoulou could make was about ten miles a day, and even this modest rate was liable to be retarded by side winds which drove the boat against the bank, so that several times the crew of the *Boussemroum* availed themselves of the services of passing steam tugs, and were speeded over part of their journey in this unromantic fashion. At Châlon the party was reconstructed, and Mr. Hamerton, whose patience at last gave way before the slowness of the *berichon*, made the last part of the journey to Lyons in his own sail-boat, the *Arar*. At Châlon, also, Mr. Pennell left the party, as sketching even in the remote neighborhood of fortified places in France is attended with serious annoyance. They had been twice arrested on the upper Saône, and the lower part of the river was much less safe in this respect. So for the illustrations of this part of the voyage Mr. Pennell seems to have availed himself chiefly of notes and slight sketches of Mr. Hamerton's, which he worked up afterwards. The *Arar* was manned by Mr. Hamerton's son and nephew, who, he tells us, were excellent practical sailors, and the boat was fitted with accommodations which made it possible to spend a night on board, in case of not reaching a comfortable destination, though the towns are so frequent in the lower Saône that they were very seldom obliged to have recourse to their hammocks. The speed and pleasure of water-traveling of this kind are so intimately dependent upon wind and weather that patience, and a luxurious sense of not being "on time" anywhere, are essential attributes to its enjoyment. But for any fortunate mortal in this enviable situation, river traveling has a peculiar charm. There are, first, the enchanting and always changing effects of morning and evening light, when the freshness of every sunrise is re-baptized and the glory of every sunset is doubled. Then there is a very tranquil and soothing effect in a great stream of water flowing in large quiet curves between the shifting pictures on its banks, sometimes more still and lonely than any road can be, then carrying its traveling companions into the busiest part of towns and villages. There is a sense of movement and rest, of life and silence, which has a great charm. Nowhere is a gray summer's day so magically gray and green as on a river, and nowhere else is a summer noon so luxuriously golden as when the great white clouds float in shining masses between the blue depths of water and sky. The scenery of French rivers, though often not striking or imposing, has a peculiar, intimate charm, and the Saône has its full measure of beauty. Though its banks are not interwoven, like those of the Loire, with the most animating and romantic pages of French history, yet its shores are not without historic and legendary interest. Many of the villages and towns of the upper Saône are ex-

¹ THE SAONE: A SUMMER VOYAGE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. With one hundred and forty-eight illustrations by Joseph Pennell and the author, and four maps. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1888.

ceedingly picturesque, with soft, rolling country and much greenness of plain and gently swelling hills, a country well wooded for France, where the canals are often like English country lanes, running for miles between closely wooded banks, or edged with stately rows of great poplar trees, which are to French inland scenery what the stone pine is to Italy. Towards Lyons the shores become bold and fine, with noble headlands advancing into the stream, and views of the Mont d'Or and the Tarare mountains. In the lower part of its course the Saône takes on the indefinable character of the South, the "Midi" of France, which has such a distinct yet hardly describable charm.

Mr. Hamerton is a very pleasant and philosophic traveling companion, and from long residence in France has an intimate knowledge of the French people and sympathy with them, by no means universal to Englishmen. He tells his tale in an easy, informal manner, and takes us into his confidence about many little trifles; but Mr. Hamerton's hand has lost some of its lightness since he wrote "Around my House" and other early work. In telling little details of travel, delicacy of touch, grace of style, and a continually alert sense of humor, are essential to success, and though Mr. Hamerton is the most friendly and cheery of companions on this journey, it must be confessed that he is at times not a little trite and occasionally somewhat tedious. His narrative sometimes lags along almost as slowly as the *Boussemoum* itself, and there is often an absence of freshness and spontaneity about the style that makes one wonder whether the plan Mr. Hamerton has chosen for relating his journey—letters written to his publisher, with a view to their subsequent publication—is the most inspiring form of narrative. It is difficult to avoid a comparison in one's mind with another journey on French rivers, that most delightful of "excursion" books—"Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers," telling of a journey up the Seine and down the Loire, made by four happy Englishmen in an "outrigger" some fifteen years ago, a journey with plenty of slips and mishaps, and much less scientifically planned than Mr. Hamerton's, but so overflowing with life and vigor and energy that one is completely carried away by its spirit and freshness. The Loire, it is true, is a much more impressive river than the Saône, a swift, almost innavigable stream, with a fierce current and constantly shifting channel, and flowing through the most romantic part of France, through Touraine, and then between La Vendée and Brittany. But though the scenery is described with very charming touches, it is the vitality and spontaneity of the style which gives the book its greatest attraction. However, it is hardly reasonable to expect that a man in middle life, starting on a journey with his eye on his book, should give one the same sense of superabundant energy and quick infectious feeling of enjoyment, that four young men setting out for a rather hap-hazard physical holiday, would naturally infuse into the narrative of their adventures. And Mr. Hamerton's book will be pleasant reading for any one who is not spurred on by the demon of haste, and who is content to linger genially among lovely scenes and places. Mr. Pennell's share in the expedition adds vastly to the enjoyment and vividness of the book. The illustrations are many of them slight and sketchy, but they are most graceful and sympathetic in their character, and full of perception of the elements of the scenery and the peculiar qualities of the landscape.

WEEKLY NOTES.

IN a brief paragraph under this heading, two weeks ago, we mentioned, as "one of the most remarkable archaeological discoveries of recent times," the finding of several royal sarcophagi in a stone vault at Sidon. Further details not only confirm the interest belonging to the discovery but indicate that it is of extraordinary historical importance. A London dispatch, on the 7th instant, says that seven of the sarcophagi are of Greek design, and one of them of such huge proportions, magnificence of sculpture, and coloring, that from the start the finders assumed it to be the tomb of some Assyrian king. But Hamdi Bey, the Turkish official who has it and the other Greek ones in his charge, at Constantinople, after a protracted study of the sculpture, has come to the conclusion that this is no other than the coffin of Alexander of Macedon. Upon this theory, the sculpture represents the battle of Arabela, a lion hunt, and the battle of Granicus, all the reliefs being splendid and of almost unexampled artistic merit. The sarcophagus is nearly twelve feet long, seven high, and five and one-half broad, and the total weight is twenty-five tons, of which the cover weighs ten. It is all of fine Parian marble. A photograph of it has been sent to a number of French savants, including Renan, some of whom will doubtless make a report upon the theory held by Hamdi Bey, whose own book on the subject is soon to appear.

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THE death of Mr. Bronson Alcott, followed within three days by that of his brilliant and famous daughter, is indeed a national loss. Mr. Alcott was perhaps the most peculiar product of New England culture. Mr. Emerson once described him to a common friend as "the grandest spiral light God ever had lighted up in New England." His queer school, in which the knowledge was to be extracted out of the children not put into them, and they were required to whip Mr. Alcott whenever they were naughty, was the best illustration of his fashion of standing conventional methods on their heads. His writings but feebly embody his personality, and we doubt their permanence in literature. He who would deal in philosophy in a way to command the attention of the ages to come, must blend more masculine logic with feminine intuition than Mr. Alcott has succeeded in doing.

His greater and more famous daughter had a more masculine mind. Her mother was one of the hard-headed, truth-loving Mays, and she combined the strength of both stocks in a notable fashion. Her pictures of child-life which have charmed the world, are not realistic, in the new phrase. She permeated all her stories with her own imaginative individuality, and saw character in the mirror of her own. But the world has yielded to the charm of her stories as to no other author of the class she represents, and the news of her death will carry a pang to myriads of young readers, to whom the expectation of a fresh book from Miss Alcott was one of the joys of the year.

* * *

As it is substantially impossible, in large communities, to accomplish any public result without associated effort, the organization of an "Open Space Association" in Philadelphia is an excellent idea. One object is to secure small parks or squares for the use of the mass of the people in the built-up portions of the city, and another to secure and preserve historic sites. These are both highly commendable purposes.

REVIEWS.

A MASQUE AND OTHER POEMS. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DR. MITCHELL holds widely different claims to distinction in literature, but putting aside the practical value to science and to society of his essays and treatises on subjects connected with his profession, his best work lies, beyond a doubt, in his fictions. Unfortunately it is but rarely that we can discuss his powers as a novelist, which are delicate, acute, and furnish high intellectual enjoyment for the reader. And probably, like other authors who make use of a wide range of literary powers,—Dr. Mitchell prefers beyond all other titles that of poet;—seeker of the Infinite, as some French critic defined a poet. And that the author of "Camp Lyrics" deserves a chief place among our poets is not to be questioned, possessing, as he does a flexible and picturesque manner and an unusual faculty of expressing those fugitive and transient phases of feeling which come from the vivid impressions that nature, art, and life, in turn offer, and that seized at the right moment open vistas into man's sweetest and deepest consciousness. Writing as Dr. Mitchell does, under the pressure of constant and engrossing occupations of a different kind, it is a good thing to see how admirably he preserves his freshness of feeling and vision. Perhaps one reason why he is never artificial and never stretches his subject beyond its value is that he keeps his verse-making faculty a thing apart from routine—makes it "a refuge and a passion." His work, in general, shows an infinitely fortunate disposition, an aptitude for finding pleasantness, charm, and inspiration in what actually comes before his eyes. That rock upon which so many younger writers make shipwreck, of admiring or pretending to admire what is unlovely or grotesque to people in general, is never in the way of this faithful, gentle, optimistic poet.

"The Masque," which has the chief place in the pretty volume before us, is, in some respects, the most striking of the whole collection. It is executed strictly in the style which belongs to the date of such conceptions. A company of masqueraders, who have made a wager as to which one of them can most easily tempt a miser to part with his gold, stroll one by one into the pawnbroker's shop at midnight. First enters a woman who unmasks, shows a charming face, and offers a kiss for a ducat. The miser is dead to such enchantments and declares that he recognizes beauty only when he finds it imaged on his coins.

"Set in the changeless chastity of gold."

Next comes Mephistopheles proffering bribes, which alike are powerless to make the miser relax his clutch upon his hoards; but Death follows, and startled at this apparition the miser succumbs. "All that a man hath shall he give for his life," and he offers a hundred ducats for a short lease of added existence. So Death wins the wager. The conception of this "morality" is good; it is

cleverly carried out, and contains many excellent lines besides this very pretty rondeau:

A man and a maid
The warder prayed.
Here is gold, said he;
But a look gave she;
Sweet eyes went in,
And the man was stayed.
For this is the way
The world to win,
The world to win.
Honey of kisses,
Honey of sin,—
This is the way
The world to win.

The reader turns at once to the poem entitled, "How Launcelot came to the Nunnery in Search of the Queen," both from knowledge of the subject and curiosity to see how Dr. Mitchell treats a touching and dramatic episode which the Poet Laureate, to the endless regret of all lovers of the "Idyls of the King," has failed to make use of. Of course it is out of the question to put this passage in comparison with any of Tennyson's work, but as an attempt to render Malory into literal blank verse, it is very well done. "For as well as I have loved thee," says the queen," so goes the old chronicle, "mine heart will not serve me to see thee; for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed." Which the present version offers thus:

"For, well as I have loved thee, Lancelot,
My heart will no more serve to see thy face;
Nay, not if thou shouldst know love in mine eyes."

Our poet, as may be seen, here brightens the intensity of the Queen's expression; and so again when Launcelot asks for one final kiss and she answers—

"Nay, . . . that shall I never do.
No more of earthly lips shall I be kissed."

Whereas in the chronicle it runs thus: "Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me, and never no more" "Nay," said the queen, "that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works."

However interesting as these higher flights into dramatic poetry are, we cannot but think that Dr. Mitchell's real poetic force and insight are best displayed in pieces like "Evening, after a Storm on the Ristigouche River" and "Rain in Camp." Here we clearly distinguish spontaneous poetic feeling, besides rare ability to see wisely and truly and to describe faithfully. The former is called "A Mood," and images a state of mind when what is near seems distant, and what is distant is borne near by the flight of the clouds and the sweep of the river. Yet the revelation is not complete enough to bring full help and comfort. For

"The poet's rhyme,
The brain, the air, the river's flow,
The frank blue sky, the waves below,
Refuse to tell us half they know.
In vain our search, in vain our cries,
Our dearest loves lack some replies."

We quote entire "Rain in Camp," which might be likened to Chopin's "Raindrop Prelude" in music:

"The camp-fire smoulders and will not burn,
And a sulky smoke from the blackened logs
Lazily swirls through the dank wood caves;
And the laden leaves with a quick relief
Let fall their loads, as the pool beyond
Leaps 'neath the thin gray lash of the rain,
And is builded thick with silver bells.
But I lie on my back in vague despair,
Trying it over thrice and again,
To see if my words will say the thing.
But the sodden moss, and the wet black wood,
And the shining curves of the dancing leaves,
The drip and drop, and tumble and patter,
The humming roar in the sturdy pines,
Alas, shall there no man paint or tell."

REINCARNATION. A Study of Forgotten Truth. By E. D. Walker. Pp. xiv. and 350. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A novice in the pulpit once put himself in the way of an old "pillar" of the church, in the hope of extracting a compliment on the head of his first sermon. "Brother Jones," said the good man to him, "that was an excellent text you had to-day!" So Mr. Walker has an excellent subject for a book. A well considered and careful history of the belief in human preëxistence would fill an empty place in our literature. But his book, although by no means a bad one, does not meet our expectations in this regard. It is the book of an ardent believer in Esoteric Theosophy, not of an impartial critic and historian. It is written for edification, rather than to put its reader in a position to judge for himself as to the weight of opinion on both sides.

Mr. Walker defines reincarnation as the belief in the soul's experiences of other lives before the present, which stand in ethical and spiritual relation to the present and to the future. He then argues as to its credibility, from the idea of immortality, the analogy of evolution, the principles of science, the nature of the soul, the theological difficulty as to original sin, the mysterious recollections which come to us both awake and asleep, and the fitness of the idea to clear up moral difficulties as to the government of the universe. He answers objections from our want of recollection, the doubtful justice of a transmitted retribution, the theory of heredity, and sundry lesser considerations. From this he passes to testimonies from East and West, from the living and the dead, from thinkers and poets. Here the bead-roll of names certainly is long enough and weighty enough to startle those who have given no attention to the matter. In some cases as in that of Jacob Böhme, Swedenborg, and Hegel, the evidence for the claim is not given, and we do not believe it exists. Böhme is just the writer in whom one would expect to find such a theory, and we can say, after long acquaintance with his writings, that we never found it there, or in the writings of his great disciple, William Law. As for Hegel, we think Fr. Richter has proved that he taught no other life either before or after this present one. And as for Schopenhauer, who is quoted at some length, he seems to us to believe not even in this life. It is just in the work of sifting his authorities that Mr. Walker is weakest, and many others are alleged for whose acceptance of preëxistence we have seen no evidence.

Nor is there any need on his part for being indiscriminate. The Chevalier Ramsay, Soame Jenyns, Joseph Glarvil, Henry More, Bishop George Rust, Hume, the two Fichtes, Lessing, Shelley, Wordsworth, Southey, William Blake, Prof. William Knight, Prof. W. Alban Butler, Pezzani, Pierre Leroux, Prof. Francis Bowen, Jas. Freeman Clarke, Dr. F. H. Hedge, Rev. W. R. Alger, Whittier, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, T. B. Aldrich, Charles G. Leland, Thomas W. Parsons, Tennyson, Rossetti, and others, are alleged from the moderns. Christian Sandius, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Wilhelm Benecke seem to have been overlooked.

As in the case of Sir Walter Scott and Whittier, the love of reasoning by which most people come to think there may be something in preëxistence, is the apparent recollection of things they never can have seen before in this life. Mr. Walker, of course, discredits the explanation first offered by Dr. Wigan in 1844, that in certain conditions the mind sees double, and confounds the weaker of the two with recollection. A curious confirmation of this explanation has come to our knowledge. An eminent man of science in this city, being forced to take some rest from his biological work, went off to a town in which he had never been before for a visit. To his amazement he found himself recollecting everything he saw in the town. He probably would have thought the experience one suggestive of the preëxistence theory, had he not remembered the monument erected to the soldiers killed in the Civil War, as distinctly as everything else! That, after all, is the practical test of such recollections; but this is the only case in which we have heard of its being applied.

Mr. Walker, as a Theosophist, of course, dwells at some length on the Oriental testimony for his theory, and devotes a whole chapter to the elaboration of the statement that it is part of the esoteric wisdom, which is preserved by "the higher priesthood" of the East. Into these mysteries we decline to follow him. They seem to us rather to discredit than to help the main idea of his book. It needs no support from this *reficiamento* of Buddhism, and its substitution of *dharma* for the Christian doctrine of regeneration and forgiveness. It is enough to say of it that it is a belief nearly as widely diffused outside Christendom as the faith in immortality; that it nowhere is discredited by the Christian Scriptures, and in one place at least, (John ix.: 2, 3), it seems to be assumed; that in the long succession of Christian thinkers, the Middle Ages only excepted, it has been accepted by many as the first step toward a worthy theodicy; and that it is not absurd in itself. That at least entitles it to respectful consideration as a hypothesis.

J. D.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE THEORY OF EVOLUTION. By Rev. Chauncey Giles. 12 mo. Pp. 148. Philadelphia: William H. Alden.

It can hardly be contended by the advocates of evolution that their theory should only be discussed by those familiar with the latest scientific knowledge on the subject, and trained in scientific modes of thought. The popular verdict on questions of great popular interest is always of importance, and it can only be influenced by a course of reasoning or by the spread of ideas intelligible to those whose intelligence is not backed by scientific training. Yet these means have been sufficient in the past to establish in the popular mind as proved truths theories which rested on a basis of truth far beyond popular comprehension. The Coperni-

can theory of astronomy, the Newtonian theory of gravity, the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of energy, are cases in point. These are believed by most people, not because the demonstrations on which they rest are understood, but because they seem reasonable—because they are more consistent with the facts which constitute the ordinary man's mental furniture than the theories or notions with which they are compared. Evolution must do what these theories have done if it is to stand with them. It must introduce into the popular mind the ideas which will make it seem the natural and only conceivable theory of the facts which it undertakes to explain, if it is ever to take its place as firmly established truth. And the ordeal of popular discussion is one which it must successfully undergo if it is to do this.

And yet with the most cordial possible admission of this, a scientifically-trained believer in evolution is sure to have his scientific conscience shocked if he reads some of the literature in which such discussion is attempted. The trouble, we think, lies in the confusion of the scientific and literary forms of statement. A scientific statement appeals directly to proof or disproof; a literary statement appeals to its accompanying circumstances for interpretation. It is this confusion, we think, which vitiates the reasoning of Prof. Drummond's much-read "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and other similar works. And, of this confusion, we find much in the work under review. Mr. Giles is a more than ordinarily competent and fair-minded man to represent the clerical side in this discussion, nevertheless. He has read much and thought intelligently on the subject, and states the grounds of his antagonism to certain forms of evolutionary theory and of his acceptance of certain others clearly and forcibly. But the position which he picks out as the typical evolutionary theory is certainly not representative of the bulk of the scientific world. "The essential principle of Evolution," he says, "which distinguishes it from all other theories, is that matter has no origin." This assertion we can only wonder at and deny. It would be a rather extreme statement to say that the evolutionists believe every fact in the universe may be expressed in terms of matter and force, which is a form of belief backed by high scientific authority, while that given by Mr. Giles, we believe we are justified in saying, is not endorsed by any scientific authority at all. Yet, even, this position cannot be construed as denying origin to matter. More than one high scientific authority has expressly admitted the necessity of a further conception of a competent originating cause. Indeed, Mr. Giles need not have gone outside of his own book for a refutation of his assumption. Professor Tyndall says, in a well-known passage which Mr. Giles quotes: "I discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our profound reverence for its creation, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form of life."

Over such a lay-figure as this, Mr. Giles has, of course, an easy victory. And, on another point of argument, we think he scores a triumph with better reason. He everywhere insists that the force producing evolution—and in its broader aspects he admits the truth of the theory,—cannot be considered as an attribute of matter or of its organization, but rather as an attribute of the universal creative power—God. There is much room for some scientific men to profit by this admonition, and we wish it was placed where it would be more likely to benefit them. For we greatly fear that a book which asserts that "there are three material atmospheres derived from the sun—the aura, the ether, and the air," and that "there are three vital organs in the material body—the heart, the lungs, and the brain," is more likely to arouse the mirth than to command the respect of the scientific fraternity.

A. J. F.

SCANDINAVIAN PUBLICATIONS. Christiania, Norway: Alb. Cammermeyer.

We have received from Alb. Cammermeyer, of Christiania, the fifth and sixth parts of D. F. Winkel Horn's Danish translation of Minister Rasmus B. Anderson's "Norse Mythology" ("Nordisk Mythologi,") which complete the work, making a handsome and well printed octavo volume of over five hundred pages. The seventh part, besides a fine portrait on steel, of Prof. Anderson, contains a sketch of his life by his translator. He was born in Wisconsin, in 1846, of Norwegian parents, who had emigrated ten years previously to escape the annoyance they suffered because his mother had stooped to marry a peasant's son. They were among the first emigrants from Norway to America. They have ten children, and were the first white settlers of Albion in that State. He attended a Norwegian college at Decora, in Iowa, but was dismissed because he was too much of a young American to submit to the old-world discipline imposed by its professors. He opened an academy at Albion, and taught with such success that in 1869 he was invited to a professorship in the State University, to which he attracted many young

Scandinavians. But his zeal for the common school system gave offense to the Lutheran clergy of the State, and led to his resignation. In 1875 he was again elected professor of the Scandinavian language in the University, and began the work of familiarizing American readers with what is most notable in the ancient and modern literatures of the Scandinavian tongues. His "Norse Mythology" is the best of his works in this field, and has earned recognition of its merits from Bjornson and Rydberg. When Mr. Cleveland was elected to the presidency, he was at once put forward by his Norse friends in America for the distinguished post he now fills at Copenhagen.

From the same publisher we have the third and fourth parts of Olaf Amlie's Danish translation of Dr. Heinrich Schmed's "Handbuch von Kirchengeschichte" (Haandbog i Kirkehistorien.) These carry the narrative from the time of Augustine to near the close of the Middle Ages. (The first part has not reached us.) They sustain their author's reputation as a skillful maker of theological text-books, and excite a wish that some American Lutheran will render the book into English.

The same publishers announce that Prof. A. Chr. Bang, of Christiania University, author of a "Summary of Norwegian Church History since the Reformation," has in press a "Summary of Norwegian Church History under Catholicism," which will make a volume of about 350 pages.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

AN edition, paper-covered, of Zola's "La Terre" is issued by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. It is a study of life in "La Beauce," the great grain-growing plain of France, south-west of Paris, and it is the pleasure of this fine French writer to depict the peasantry of his country as beasts. In all the list of characters in the book, only one, Jean, is materially raised above the brutal level. Mr. Howells, in a note in *Harper's Magazine*, speaks of this as a scientific study, but we doubt its truth: it seems much more like the gross libel of a bestial writer. If the peasants of France are without exception jackals, wolves, and swine, to the degree M. Zola depicts them, it is hard to perceive how any other country could equal the abominable showing. The title of the book is understood to suggest not merely the occupation of the people as tillers of the soil, but also their excessive greed for land ownership, and upon this Mr. Howells dwells as the essential feature in their character, as shown by this alleged "study." But the book itself does not indicate this: it shows every form of sordid avarice, silencing every form of human feeling, developing hate and jealousy, and employing cruelty and crime without remorse; and while in the midst of this the greed for the land appears prominently, it is but one detail in the evil catalogue.

"The Art of Investing," (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), the author of which, according to the title-page, is "A New York Broker," is a little volume containing a number of sensible observations and suggestions. It can hardly be called an exhaustive study of the subject,—and we are by no means sure that the intending investor, after reading it, may not be afraid to trust his money anywhere but in his wife's stocking, or in a hole in the cellar,—but to a great many of its remarks no exception can be taken. It says Government securities are too high to be desirable, and State bonds generally higher than many States deserve; farm mortgages are good, if the land is not over-valued; water-works bonds and street-railway bonds must be watched to see that the plant was needed by the public and has been honestly built; and so on. As for Wall street, the author describes it as a great swindling shop, where foolish outsiders leave their money for the speculators to enjoy.

A volume of short stories by Julian Hawthorne has been published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., with the title "David Poinexter's Disappearance and Other Tales," the said tales having done primary duty in periodicals at home and abroad. The story which gives the book its title, is a neat retelling of an English *cause celebre*, a remarkable instance of criminal personification. There are six stories, all of them good examples of Mr. Hawthorne's gifts as a narrator.

"The Story of Colette" is a pretty tale by an anonymous French author, translated from a novelette called "La Neuvaie de Colette," which appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. It is the diary of a lively young girl who is shut up in a weary solitude by a stony-hearted aunt,—and it ends as such an unnatural piece of oppression might be expected to. The little tale has a mild interest and is very well written and translated. (D. Appleton & Co.)

W. S. Gottsberger, (New York), has published a new edition of Saint-Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," the translation being expressly made for him by Clara Bell. Prefixed is a short biographical sketch of Saint-Pierre, and his original preface, while his

more extended preface to the quarto edition of the book is given in an appendix. It makes a very satisfactory edition.

Edgar Fawcett's "Adventures of a Widow" has been added by Ticknor & Co. to their cheap "Paper Series" and in this shape will, doubtless, obtain many fresh readers. It is a very bright picture of New York life.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE lapsing of important English copyrights is now and promises for some time to be a matter of literary interest. The rights in various books of Carlyle and Dickens have lately run out, with the consequence of immediate cheap editions. The copyright of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" lapses this year; the rights in Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," Kingsley's "Alton Locke," Dickens's "David Copperfield," and George Eliot's "Adam Bede," run out next year.

Miss Amelia Rives's short stories will be collected in a volume presently, to be published by Harpers.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, will issue soon "Ten Years of Massachusetts," by Raymond L. Bridgman. It pictures the development of the Commonwealth as seen in its laws, regarding the laws as the expression of the "common sense" of the people beyond which, as a whole, they have not advanced. It is written with the idea that the real progress of the State is to be seen in its legislation, and the thread which holds the chapters together is the thought of the Commonwealth as a person in the progress of development.

Col. Charles C. Jones, of Georgia, well known in that section as an historical writer, is collecting a volume of folk lore, consisting of negro myths of the Georgia coast.

The third, and final volume of Henry C. Lea's "History of the Inquisition" will be issued this month by Harper & Bros. It is devoted to special fields of Inquisitorial activity.

Messrs. Cupples & Hurd make some interesting announcements. They will soon issue "How to Write the History of a Family," by W. P. Phillimore; "What Shall Make us Whole?"—a work on "mental healing;" and "Thomas Carlyle's Counsels to a Literary Aspirant, and What Came of Them." The firm also announces a new and improved edition of Whitmore's "Ancestral Tablets."

"Volcanoes and Earthquakes," by Samuel Kneeland, A. M., is announced for immediate publication by D. Lothrop Company. The author, who is a distinguished man of science, says in his preface, "I shall relate my experience in the volcanic countries; state the theories and try to bring some order out of the chaos of popular earthquake literature. So that any one can form a satisfactory idea of the principles which underlie these phenomena."

The well-known teacher and lecturer, A. Bronson Alcott, and his even better-known daughter, Louisa M. Alcott, both died in Boston this week, the father on the 4th inst., and the daughter on the 6th. Miss Alcott had been in declining health for some time, and it is supposed her care of her father in his long illness so fatally weakened her that she was not able to rally from the shock of his loss. Mr. Alcott was 88 years old, and was one of the inner circle of New England *literati*. He was one of the founders of the Concord School of Philosophy, and the original "Conversations" which he inaugurated were quite unique. His most important work was that of an educator, and it was while engaged in teaching at Germantown, Philadelphia, in 1833, that his daughter Louisa was born. Miss Alcott's books for young people, "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," etc., have had a popularity possibly not surpassed by any American books except Mrs. Stowe's.

At a recent meeting of the Longfellow Memorial Association the total of subscriptions received was reported to be \$8,129, of which amount over \$4,000 has been expended in laying out the garden in Cambridge.

The second volume of Lady Blennerhassett's German work on Madam de Stael is in the press. The third and concluding volume is expected to appear in the autumn.

D. C. Heath & Co. will publish March 10th, Emile Souvestre's "Un Philosophe Sous Les Toits," edited by Prof. W. H. Fraser of the University of Toronto, with notes and vocabulary to meet the wants of students having in view the University matriculation examination, or for beginners in translating French into English. The "Philosophe" was awarded a prize by the French Academy, as a work calculated to promote the advancement of morality.

The London *Saturday Review* says concerning John Strange Winter's new book, "The Confessions of a Publisher," that the "special crimes revealed by this publisher are that, when he promised to publish a book at cost price, he really charged 'full retail prices,' and that he saddled an author with certain expenses for

advertising, which he never paid in money, but swapped with other proprietors of magazines. For these practices he quotes 'the custom of the trade;' and, if it be the custom of the trade to lie and cheat, so much the worse for them. But it is probable, or rather certain, that the evil custom is only practiced by evil persons, and that we might as well call every author a plagiarist as every publisher a knave."

Some attempts are being made to improve Welsh orthography, dispensing with double consonants. A national committee has been appointed to determine on an authoritative system.

Mr. Steinitz announces in his *International Chess Magazine*, the projected publication of a new handbook of chess. It is just forty-one years since Howard Staunton published his "Chess Players' Handbook."

A work on the Holy Land by Sir Richard Temple, called "Palestine Illustrated," is in preparation in London. It will contain nearly fifty full page chromo-lithographs.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, limited, have declared a dividend for the year 1887 of 7 per cent. on the preference, ordinary and deferred shares.

Mr. Spurgeon says of Robert Carter & Brothers, that they "are not only publishers of my sermons, but true and generous friends." He has made the statement in consequence of a report that he has received nothing from the sale of his works in America. He thinks he has been "well treated by American publishers, considering there is no copyright."

A biography of Commodore Maury, compiled from his letters and writings, by his daughter, Mrs. S. W. Corbin, of Virginia, is in process of publication in England, by Sampson Low & Co.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

AN early number of the *North American Review* will contain an article by Mr. Gladstone on the religious opinions of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

The *Bibliographer and Reference List* (monthly) will make its first appearance in May, at the hands of Moulton, Wenborne & Co., Buffalo. Its design is "to furnish booksellers, bookbuyers, and libraries with handy help in the selection of books."

W. M. Griswold, Bangor, Me., has completed his "Annual Index to Periodicals" for 1887, the fifth in the series of so-called "Cumulative Indexes." It is now almost wholly American in contents, although it includes a few of the most prominent French periodicals.

An antiquarian article of interest in the April *Wide Awake* will be entitled "All Around An Old Meeting-House." It is by Mrs. Frances A. Humphrey, and describes the quaint religious, military, and social life of Halifax in the early days.

The Boston *Literary World* says "the largest circulation of any periodical in America, viz: 400,000 copies, is claimed by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia."

The *Cosmopolitan* for March is the first number of the new volume, and signals the inauguration of the new management under the name of The *Cosmopolitan Magazine Co.*, with U. S. Grant, Jr., as Vice-President.

Miss Elise Balch, neice of Hon. John Jay, has written a series of sketches of "Old Homes" for the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

To facilitate the study of the four foreign languages officially taught in France (English, German, Spanish, and Italian), a new semi-monthly has made its appearance in Paris, this year, under the title of *Les Langues Etrangères*. Each number contains selected writings in the languages named; but there are four editions of the paper, a much larger proportion of English being given in the one called "Lectures Anglaises" than in any of the other three, of German in the one called "Lectures Allemandes," and of Spanish and Italian in the other two.

From Salt Lake comes the first number (March) of a new magazine, *The Western Galaxy*. All the contributors, we are told, are residents of Utah, and a number of the illustrations are by Utah artists. The list embraces Mormons, Gentiles, and "Apostates."

The *Andover Review* for March announces a series of articles by the editors on "The Universality of Christianity." The number opens with the first of these papers, a discussion by Professor Hincks of the question whether Paul's conception of Christianity implies a universal preaching of Christ. Dr. Hincks supplies exposition of the shaping principle of Paul's theology, and points out suggestions made by the Apostle of its application to the extra-Christian world.

ART NOTES.

At the Art Club's monthly reception for March, Mr. Thomas Hovenden's latest production, "Their Pride," was the central attraction. The intention of the Club is to have contributions shown at these monthly receptions remain on exhibition until replaced by the collection for the following month. The artists are generally willing to leave their pictures with the Club during the month, unless the same are sold, but on this occasion, Mr. Hovenden's picture and one or two others are entered for the National Academy exhibition and will be forwarded to New York next week.

The Club's collection is open to the friends of members, by invitation, and during the pleasant days of this week the number of visitors has been quite as large as the most hospitable lovers of art could desire.

Among the noticeable pictures are two important works by Harry Poor, a group of hounds, and a pasture scene with horses. Stephen Parrish has an excellent landscape. Robert Arthur has a Venetian scene, very nice in color; Prosper L. Senat has a marine and several coast of Maine studies, and James B. Sword has two landscapes; N. H. Trotter, F. De B. Richards, F. F. De Crano, and C. H. Spooner are also represented by landscapes, and George Wright has a characteristic *genre*. Jesse Godley sends an admirably modelled hound's head, and Clifford P. Grayson a landscape with figures, destined for the National Academy.

The students of the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art will give an entertainment for the benefit of that institution at the Academy of the Fine Arts, on Tuesday, March 13th, at 8 o'clock p. m. The entertainment will consist of thirty classic tableaux, the motives being taken for the most part from Greek sculptors. There will also be appropriate vocal and instrumental music. The costumes and properties to be used are accurate reproductions from Greek models, designed by competent artists, and made with care from proper materials. It is proposed to devote the proceeds of the entertainment to the purchase of these properties, which will thus become a part of the educational appliances of the school.

The Art Institute of Chicago will hold its first annual exhibition at the new galleries of the Institute, opening Saturday, May 26th, and closing Saturday, June 30th. Blanks may be had on application to the Secretary, Mr. N. H. Carpenter, cor. Michigan avenue and Van Buren streets, Chicago. Entries should be made on or before May 12th. Pictures and other works will be received until May 22d. The Institute will bear all expense of transportation and will pay the insurance premiums; asking contributors to name a moderate sum that will reimburse them in case of loss by fire. The secretary will have charge of sales, and no commission will be charged.

Mr. J. W. Ellsworth has provided for an annual prize of \$300 for the best oil painting by an American citizen, painted in the United States, and not previously exhibited in Chicago.

The Institute provides for a second prize of \$250, to be awarded to the next best oil painting by any living American citizen, painted in the United States, not previously exhibited in Chicago.

The awards will be made by a committee of three, namely, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, of New York, Prof. Halsey C. Ives, of St. Louis, and Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago.

A memorial statue of the late Charles W. West has been erected in Cincinnati. Mr. West was the founder of the Art Museum of that city, and an unwearying worker for the promotion of art. The statue is life-size, seated, and rests on an oblong pedestal, at the four corners of which are figures of art, sculpture, music, and painting. The sculptor is Mr. John H. Mahony, of Indianapolis.

Mr. J. R. Huntington has given \$15,000 to the town of Amesbury, Mass., for a memorial statue of Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the first governor of the State of New Hampshire. The statue is intended for the public square of the town, and is to be put in place next summer. It must be already under way, but to what sculptor the commission has been assigned, the local reporter neglects to mention.

The New York Times says:

"Detroit has the merit of discovering some use for the Arabian tramps from Syria, who are being added to the mendicants of the United States. The good-looking youths are turned over to the artists for models, when their native genius for doing nothing all day asserts itself triumphantly."

The Arabs referred to are doubtless those employed as models by Mr. Whipple of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts when they first landed in this city four years ago. They were subsequently employed by other artists here, and, having learned the trade, have been traveling over the country, begging from and posing for the artists ever since.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MAXIMINA. By Don Armando Palacios Valdés. Translated from the Spanish by Nathan Haskell Dole. Pp. 390. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF SUNDAY LEGISLATION, from 321 to 1888, A. D. By A. H. Lewis, D. D. Pp. 279. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

DAVID POINDEXTER'S DISAPPEARANCE AND OTHER TALES. By Julian Hawthorne. Pp. 210. Paper. \$0.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE STORY OF COLETTE. From the French. Pp. 217. Paper. \$0.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CHIPS FROM A TEACHER'S WORKSHOP. By L. R. Klemm, Ph.D. Pp. 408. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

LA TERRE. (The Soil.) By Emile Zola. Translated by George D. Cox. Pp. 421. Paper. \$0.75. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Henry Charles Lea. In three Volumes. Volumes I, II. Pp. 583: 585. \$3 per vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett. Pp. 341. Paper. \$0.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

THE MAJOR'S LOVE; OR, THE SEQUEL OF A CRIME. By Ella Brown Price. Pages 179. Paper. \$0.50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

SPINOZA. By John Caird, LL.D. Pp. 315. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

HEARTSEASE AND RUE. By James Russell Lowell. Pp. 218. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HISTORY OF PRUSSIA. By Herbert Tuttle. Vol. II. Under Frederic the Great, 1740-1745. Pp. 308. Vol. III. Under Frederic the Great, 1745-1756. Pp. 334. \$2.25 each. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"THE FIGHTING VERES." Lives of Sir Francis Vere and of Sir Horace Vere. By Clements R. Markham. Pp. 508. \$4.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

EDITH M. THOMAS.¹

THERE is little in the life of Miss Thomas that lends itself to biographical purposes, and that little is simple and uneventful. Of Welsh origin, her mother being a native of Connecticut, and her father of New York, the Western Reserve was the home of both her parents from their youth. After several years of school teaching and like connection with educational matters, her father took up a small farm in Ohio, on the banks of the Scioto. At the beginning of our Civil War, he died, leaving his widow with two girls, the eldest of whom, Edith, was but seven years old. About two years later the family removed to Geneva, where, at a Normal institute, Miss Thomas received her education. There were no libraries, and not so many sources of loans of books as she could have wished. An old volume of *The Spectator*, which had outlasted the various removals of the family, and a borrowed copy of Shakespeare, made an epoch in her intellectual life. Gifted with the poetical temperament, she wrote elegiacs and moral verses as a child, but her forte was the planning of little tragic episodes for the extempore acting of her playmates and herself.

No one who has read her poetry need be told that the poetry of Keats was early in her hands and heart. Nor was she attracted by Keats alone, for as soon as she could she procured the works of his inspirers and masters, Spenser, Milton, and Chapman. Her delight in Chapman's Homer was akin to that of Keats in the "Faerie Queene." Not that she raved through it like a young horse turned into a spring meadow, but that, while reading it, she spoke of it with an exultation of expression that caused an uncle to say, with some irritation: "You act as if no one had ever found out Homer before yourself." But other poetic influences than these were active in the soul of our young poet, and chiefest among them was the love of nature, which is so tenderly luminous in her poetry. She refers to it in the sonnet addressed to her mother, which stands as the dedication to her second volume, "Lyrics and Sonnets" (1887), and of the delight she found in an old garden that the hand of her mother had wrought. This lost old garden, with its morning and springtime marvels, was in the home of her childhood on the banks of the Scioto. She was in a world of wonders there, and the tall primeval woods, the glittering flow of the river, field, sky, clouds, were her discoveries and day's treasures. And she was encouraged in this early love of nature by her mother, who relates that she would have no breakfast until she had made the round of the garden, and examined its newest growths.

Miss Thomas's earliest verses saw the light, lived their little day, and were sepulchred in the Poets' corners of the village newspaper, and in the Cleveland journals. By and by she made a timid bow to Metropolitan audiences in some Spenserian stanzas, which were printed about ten years ago in the columns of the New York *Graphic*. Unlike the majority of young singers, she made few raids upon the editors of our magazines, and those few were not successful in capturing the capricious tastes of those temporary arbiters of poetic destiny, possibly because she did not make a judicious selection in her offerings. Seven years ago she met Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who was interested in her genius, and who had a number of her poems published in *The Century*. The meeting with Mrs. Jackson was, no doubt, fortunate for Miss Thomas, in that through the influence of that estimable lady she obtained a foothold in a prominent periodical somewhat sooner than she might otherwise have done.

DRIFT.

THE following are extracts from the article on Emerson, by Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in the *New Princeton Review* for March.

Self-reliance is a great element in his teaching; but (and the limitation is important), reliance on self, not as isolated, alone standing on its own

¹Richard Henry Stoddard, in *The Book Buyer* for March.

ground; but on self as the only possible manifestation of the not-self. Light and superficial people laugh at this doctrine. Honest and serious people are sometimes shocked at it and call it arrogance and self-assertion. But the truth is no one can read Emerson and not be struck with his profound humility as far as his own personality was concerned. Arrogance and self-assertion were the farthest from him of all things. One feels that he almost took to himself his story of the saint who offered his chair to Satan, declaring him more worthy of it than himself. All these statements about the value of self are meant to have a deeper truth read into them. And in that light what can be higher?

It is by this side, also, of his homely every-day wisdom that Emerson differs from Marcus Aurelius. Not that the latter lived in the air either; but he is somewhat too grave, and always takes the world in a moralizing vein. Emerson writes of all these things lightly, flowingly, in full sympathy with the farmer and the citizen, putting himself in their place with shrewd Yankee common-sense. Emerson himself speaks of Plutarch and Montaigne as joining hands across the gulf of time which separated them, and when I read certain sides of his writing, I incline to put him with them as an equal third. Or better still he reminds one of what the old Greeks used to call a *wise man, par excellence*, some Solon, or Thales, not a metaphysician, but a man who studied life and coined it into wisdom.

Besides all this, Emerson's poetry has another great merit: it is never commonplace. He has always something to say, even when he says it badly. After acres of verbiage in other writers, it is a relief to be sure you are going to find a thought. More than that, his poems are full of brilliant epigrams, of keen wit. If I had space, I could quote pages of such things from them. This is a side I have not touched. But I have not touched it, because I have been judging poetry, and all the wit and all the epigrams would be just as good in prose. This is the cardinal defect of Emerson's poetry: the best part of it is not poetry at all. He was a man of wide and far-reaching intellectual power. He was not a poet.

"Trusts" of home growth can be and will be suppressed or restrained by home-made laws; trusts of European growth can not be affected by American laws, save as their products are taxed by our tariffs. It is to be remembered that Congressman Mason, a Republican and protective representative of a Republican and protective State, was the first to introduce a bill proposing the regulation of "trusts;" that the Republican Legislature of New York instituted State inquiry as to the methods of "trusts," and as to the means of their limitation to lawful uses. The evils of trusts will soon be placed in course of extinction; and in the future, as in the past, it will be the Democratic Mayors of New York, the Democratic Senator of Ohio, and some Democratic Congressmen who will be found most active in resistance. It is simply false to say that "trusts" are creatures or in any way results of the Tariff, and it is infinitely silly to assume that delivery from the power of home trusts to the power of foreign trusts is a desirable thing.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

John C. Calhoun declared that the abolition of slavery would be calamitous to this continent beyond description, "as it would destroy in a great measure the cultivation and production of the great tropical staples, amounting annually in value to nearly \$300,000,000." Slavery has been abolished, and the South has since raised twice as many bales of cotton in a year as it ever raised in Calhoun's lifetime. And the South is still following just such vagaries of Calhoun as this, and some that are still wilder and more untrue.—*Chicago Journal*.

The trouble with the Democrats who think they detect a discrepancy in speeches delivered by Senator Sherman at different times is their failure to understand that a man whose views are worth having cannot tell all he knows in a single evening.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The family of A. Bronson Alcott was of Connecticut origin, he having been born in Wolcott in 1799. His daughter, Miss Louisa May Alcott, began to write fairy tales in her teens, and her first volume "Flower Fables" was published in 1855. Subsequently she wrote much for the Boston journals. What gave her national reputation, however, was her "Hospital Sketches," (1863) compiled from her private letters while a volunteer nurse in the army at the South. In 1863-4 she was a frequent contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in 1865 published "Moods," her first novel. But her immense popularity, both in this country and in England, came to her when she wrote "Little Women" in 1867. This not only had a great sale, (over 87,000 in three years), but it became a sort of text book for the young all over the country. It has been successively and successfully followed by "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Book," "Shawl Straps," "Under the Lilacs," "Spinning-Wheel stories," and many more in the same vein.

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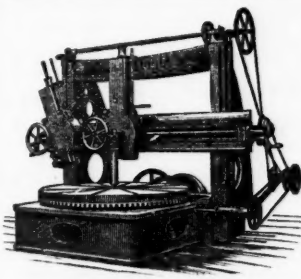
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